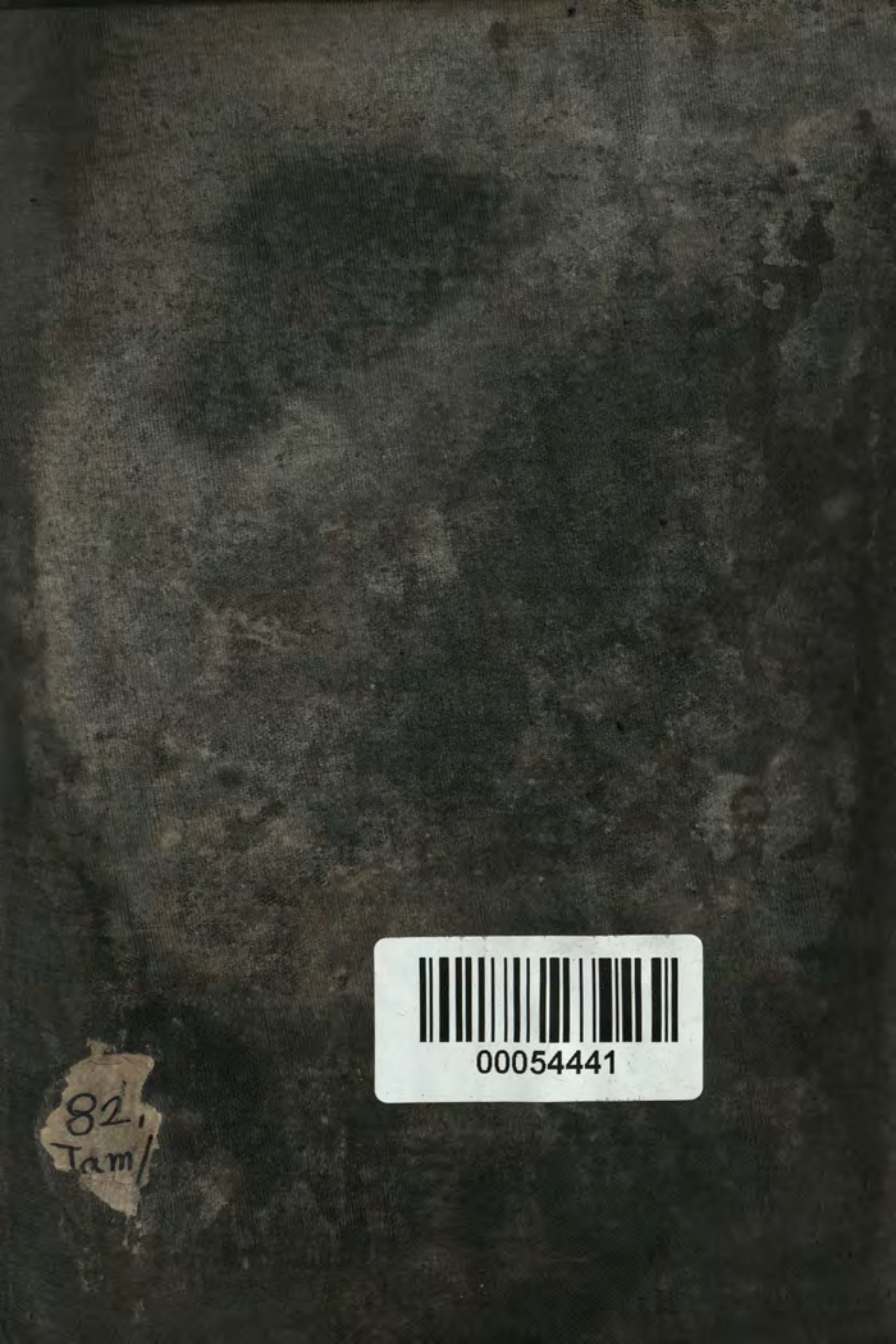
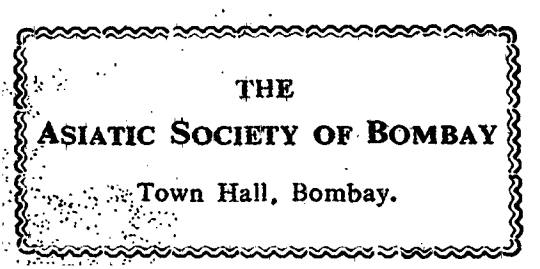

00054441
82,
Tam/



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016

1915

The Photogravure Series

THE SONG OF SONGS

THE SONG OF SONGS

WITH

An Introductory Note and Photogravures after Eight Drawings by

GILBERT JAMES

54441

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

821.8
Jam/son
5 4441

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Absent Lover . . . . . Frontispiece

The Captive Shulamite 16

The Keeper of the Vineyard 20

The Daughters of Jerusalem 34

King Solomon and the Shulamite 48

The Calling Dream 62

Love Sickness 68

Her Beloved 86

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

IN this small volume the first verses of Chapter seven have been omitted, and one or two very slight verbal alterations have been introduced. Otherwise this most moving and passionate of lyrical poems is rendered according to the authorized version of the Bible.

When William Tyndal, amid pains and persecutions, completed the manuscript of his translation of the Bible, he saw, perhaps, into the future and knew that the majestic simplicity of his style

and form of words would sink deep into the spirit of the English race. The authorized version is substantially the same book, and neither the learning of the modern professors nor their historical researches have affected its position and dignity.

When the modern authorities and spiritual pastors of the church were producing the revised version of the scriptures and striving to find, if possible, the more apt word and the more correct translation, it was hoped by many, that they would see their way to alter the chapter and verse numbers, which, although valuable for reference, confuse the narrative form of the book. This is very noticeable in the Song of Solomon. Here

the chapters are quite arbitrary, the obvious ending for each being where the command for rest occurs such as

> I charge you
> That ye awake not
> Nor arouse
> The loved one.

To the devout, the mystic, the lover, the scholar, The Song of Songs has an enduring fascination, in spite of the fact that there is no guide to say, who are the persons that sing the various lyrics of which the song is composed. It is a fruitful begetter of scholarly research and writings. Ginsburg, Herder, Noyes and many others have given their learning and diligence to the rendering of the poem.

Introductory Note

In the present volume the different songs are given to the characters as placed by Ewald in his work on the subject, the argument of the poem being that: Solomon on one of his journeys into the northern parts of his kingdom, sees a country maiden working in the fields. Attracted by her beauty, he causes her to be conveyed to his palace and decked out with jewels. Nevertheless, the maiden's heart is in the vineyards and with her shepherd lover, she repels the suit of the gorgeous monarch, and he, at last finding that only violence could make her his wife, restores her to the fields and hillsides, where the last scene is placed. The action of the whole being divided into five days.

There are of course other renderings, Renan for instance making the shepherd lover always present and putting the final verse of each day into his mouth.

In regard to the verses in Chapter seven which are omitted, most authorities regard them as an addition to the earlier poem, Professor Robertson Smith in particular objecting to them as being an irrelevant interpolation by a later writer.

The date of the poem has been placed in the 10th Century B.C., chiefly because of the comparison of the maiden's beauty to Tirzah and Jerusalem, the two capitals of the divided kingdom of Israel. Jerusalem remains, but the other city! its beauty was only short-lived, its palaces were

swept away, and now, even the place where it stood is but a matter for conjecture.

It may perhaps be as well to add that, although some years ago I made a series of drawings to this version of *The Song of Songs* for a weekly journal, the drawings here given are entirely new and made specially for this volume.

G. J.

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's

THE CAPTIVE SHULAMITE

THE SONG OF SONGS

FIRST DAY

[Here, seated in the gorgeous palace of King Solomon, surrounded by the wondering daughters of Jerusalem, is the Shulamite country maiden. The king, bewitched by her beauty, has caused her to be brought here, but she longs for her freedom and for the shepherd who was her lover. She thinks the daughters despise her, because her skin is burnt by the sun and wind while they, hearing her passionate speech to her absent lover, bid her return to her flocks and pastures.]

The Song of Songs

The maiden speaks to her absent lover:

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth!
For thy love is better than wine.
Because of the savour of thy good ointments,
Thy name is as ointment poured forth,
Therefore do the virgins love thee.

First Day

Draw me, we will run after thee:
The king hath brought me into his chambers:
We will be glad and rejoice in thee,
We will remember thy love more than wine:
The upright love thee.

The Song of Songs

I

The maiden speaks to the daughters of Jerusalem:

I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of
Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of
Solomon.
Look not upon me, because I am black,
Because the sun hath looked upon me:
My mother's children were angry with me;
They made me the keeper of the vineyards;
But mine own vineyard have I not kept.

THE KEEPER OF THE VINEYARD

First Day

The maiden again speaks to her absent lover:

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon:
For why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

The Song of Songs

The daughters of Jerusalem reply to the maiden:

If thou know not, O thou fairest among women,
Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock,
And feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.

First Day

[Here King Solomon enters, and speaks to the maiden, but she tells him that while he was away, her thoughts were with her lover and that while she slept the same thoughts were in her heart. The king again speaks to her but she ignores him and addresses her absent lover, till finally overcome by her misery she sinks in a swoon.]

The Song of Songs

The king speaks:

I have compared thee, O my love,
To a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.
Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels,
Thy neck with chains of gold.
We will make thee borders of gold, with studs
of silver.

First Day

The maiden replies to the king:

While the king sitteth at his table,
My spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.
A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me;
And shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.
My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire,
In the vineyards of Engedi.

The Song of Songs

The king speaks:

Behold thou art fair, my love;
Behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes

First Day

The maiden does not reply but calls on her absent lover:

Behold thou art fair, my beloved,
Behold thou art pleasant; also our bed is green.
The beams of our house are cedar,
And our rafters of fir.
I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

The Song of Songs

The king speaks:

As the lily among thorns,
So is my love among the daughters.

First Day

The maiden replies:

As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house,
And his banner over me was love.

Misery and love sickness overcome her:

Stay me with flagons,
Comfort me with apples;
For I am sick of love.
His left hand is under my head,
And his right hand doth embrace me.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up,
Nor awake my love,
Till he please.

END OF THE FIRST DAY

THE SECOND DAY

Second Day

THE SECOND DAY

[Again a room of the palace, but the king is not here, the daughters of Jerusalem gaze silently on the captive Shulamite maiden. She is restless, her feverish mind takes her away to freedom and her shepherd lover, she imagines that she hears his voice, that she sees his face at the window. Once more her thoughts change, to the fields in the first spring tide and the voice of her lover calling her.]

The Song of Songs

The maiden speaks and says:

The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh,
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart;
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
He looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

Second Day

My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The Song of Songs

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines, with the tender grape give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock,
In the secret places of the stairs,
Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;
For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

Second Day

She sings:

Take us the foxes,
The little foxes, that spoil the vines;
For our vines have tender grapes.

The Song of Songs

She tells of her beloved:

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
He feedeth among the lilies,
Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.
Turn, my beloved, and be thou like
A roe or a young hart
Upon the mountains of Bether.

Second Day

She tells of that which she has dreamt:

By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.
I will rise now, and go about the city, in the streets, and in the broadways.
I will seek him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.

The Song of Songs

The watchmen that go about the city found me:
To whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul
loveth?

Second Day

It was but little that I passed from them,
But I found him whom my soul loveth:
I held him, and would not let him go,
Until I had brought him into my mother's
house,
And into the chamber of her that conceived me.

The Song of Songs

The maiden faints because of her misery.

I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up,
Nor awake my love,
Till he please.

END OF THE SECOND DAY

THE THIRD DAY

KING SOLOMON AND THE SHULAMITE

THE THIRD DAY

[Once more the Shulamite maiden sits in a room of the king's palace and surrounded by the daughters of Jerusalem. Without, the king is arriving in his stately palanquin, destined for his marriage with the Shulamite maiden. He enters and in high-flown language presses his suit with the maiden.

The daughters of Jerusalem lean from the windows and balconies to watch the king arriving with his bridal procession.]

The Song of Songs

One of the daughters of Jerusalem speaks:

Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness
like pillars of smoke,
Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all
the powders of the merchant?

Another cries out:

Behold his bed, which is Solomon's;
Threescore valiant men are about it, of the
valiant of Israel.
They all hold swords, being expert in war:
Every man hath his sword on his thigh,
Because of fear in the night.

Third Day

A third daughter speaks:

King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.
He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold,
The covering of it of purple,
The midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.
Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon,
With the crown wherewith his mother crowned him,
In the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

54441

The Song of Songs

King Solomon enters and speaks to the maiden:

Behold, thou art fair, my love:
Behold, thou art fair, thou hast doves' eyes
within thy locks:
Thy hair is a flock of goats, that appear from
mount Gilead.
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are
even shorn,
Which came up from the washing; whereof
every one bear twins
And none is barren among them.

Third Day

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely:

Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks.

Thy neck is like a tower of David builded for an armoury,

Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

The king rises to go, saying:

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to
the hill of frankincense.
Thou art all fair, my love;
There is no spot in thee.

Third Day

[The king has gone. The Shulamite maiden is sated with his high-flown compliments, her thoughts go back to her own lover, the shepherd of the hillsides, she remembers his devotion and repeats his passionate words.]

The Song of Songs

Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon;
Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.
Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse;
Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.

Third Day

How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse!
How much better is thy love than wine!
And the smell of thine ointments than all spices.
Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb:
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell
of Lebanon.

The Song of Songs

A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.
Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates,
with pleasant fruits;
Camphire with spikenard, spikenard and saffron;
Calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense;
Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;
A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters,
And streams from Lebanon.

Third Day

Awake, O North wind, and come, O thou South!
Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.
Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse:
I have gathered my myrrh with my spice;
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey;
I have drunk my wine with my milk:
Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

The Song of Songs

The maiden describes how she dreamt of her absent lover:

I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh,

Saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled:

For my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on?

I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them.

Third Day

My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door,
And my bowels were moved for him.
I rose up to open to my beloved;
And my hands dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

The Song of Songs

I opened to my beloved;
But my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone;
My soul failed when he spake;
I sought him, but I could not find him:
I called him, but he gave me no answer.

Third Day

The watchmen that went about the city found me,
They smote me, they wounded me;
The keepers of the walls took away my veil from me.

The weariness of misery again overcomes the maiden.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
If ye find my beloved, that ye tell him
That I am sick of love.

END OF THE THIRD DAY

THE FOURTH DAY

Fourth Day

THE FOURTH DAY

[The Shulamite maiden is still in the palace, but her love is unchanged, gorgeousness and luxury have not moved her. The shepherd lover holds her heart over the king. She sits here with only the daughters of Jerusalem beside her.]

The Song of Songs

The daughters of Jerusalem speak:

What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
O thou fairest among women?
What is thy beloved more than another beloved,
That thou dost so charge us?

Fourth Day

The Shulamite maiden replies:

My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest
among ten thousand.
His head is as the most fine gold,
His locks are bushy, and black as a raven,
His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers
of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.

The Song of Songs

His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers

His lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl ·

His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold:

Fourth Day

His countenance is as Lebanon excellent as the cedars.
His mouth is most sweet: yea he is altogether lovely.
This is my beloved, and this is my friend
O daughters of Jerusalem.

The Song of Songs

The daughters of Jerusalem question the Shulamite:

Whither is thy beloved gone,
O thou fairest among women?
Whither is thy beloved turned aside?
That we may seek him with thee.

Fourth Day

The maiden replies:

My beloved is gone down into his garden, to
the beds of spices,
To feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.
I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine:
He feedeth among the lilies.

The Song of Songs

King Solomon enters; he speaks to the Shulamite:

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army
with banners.

Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have
overcome me:

Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear
from Gilead.

Fourth Day

Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up
from the washing,
Whereof every one beareth twins, and there is
not one barren among them.
As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples
within thy locks.

The Song of Songs

There are threescore queens,
And fourscore concubines,
And virgins without number.
My dove, my undefiled is but one
She is the only one of her mother,
She is the choice one of her that bare her.

Fourth Day

The daughters saw her, and blessed her;
Yea, the queens and the concubines, and they
praised her.
Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
fair as the moon,
Clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with
banners?

[*The voice of the shepherd lover is heard outside.*]

The Song of Songs

The shepherd lover speaks without:

I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley,

And to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.

Or ever I was aware my soul made me like the chariots of Aminadib.

Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee.

What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.

Fourth Day

The Shulamite maiden speaks:

I am my beloved's
And his desire is toward me.
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field;
    let us lodge in the villages.
Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us
    see if the vine flourish,
Whether the tender grape appear, and the
    pomegranates bud forth:
There will I give thee my love.

The Song of Songs

The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates
are all manner of pleasant fruits,
New and old, which I have laid up for thee, O
my beloved.
O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked
the breasts of my mother!
When I should find thee without, I would kiss
thee; yea, I should not be despised
I would lead thee, and bring thee into my
mother's house, who would instruct thee:
I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of
the juice of my pomegranate.

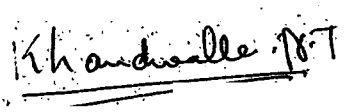
Fourth Day

Again the maiden is faint because of her love; she swoons.

His left hand should be under my head,
And his right hand should embrace me.
I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem!
That ye stir not up
Nor awake my love
Until he please.

END OF THE FOURTH DAY

THE LOVE SICKNESS


Khandwalla 187

THE FIFTH DAY

HER BELOVED

THE FIFTH DAY

[The last scene is laid among the apple trees and fields of Shulam. The maiden has conquered. All the flatteries, the rich promises and the stately gifts of King Solomon could not break down her uncorruptible virtue. Unwilling to resort to force, he has allowed her to return to the fields and vineyards and to her own devoted lover.]

Chorus of shepherds:

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness,
Leaning upon her beloved?

The maiden speaks to her beloved:

I raised thee up under the apple tree:
There thy mother brought thee forth;
There she brought thee forth that bare thee.

Fifth Day

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death; jealousy cruel as the grave:
The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.
Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it:
If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

The Song of Songs

The maiden tells of how she will protect her sister and how she herself was strong in trial:

We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts:
What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?
If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver:
And if she be a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar.
I am a wall, and my breasts like towers:
Then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

Fifth Day

Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon;
He let out the vineyard unto keepers;
Every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.
My vineyard, which is mine, is before me;
Thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand,
And those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

The Song of Songs

The shepherd lover speaks:

Thou that dwellest in the gardens,
The companions hearken to thy voice;
Cause me to hear it.

The Shulamite maiden speaks:

Make haste my beloved, and be thou like
To a roe or to a young hart,
Upon the mountains of spices.

THE END

THE PHOTOGRAVURE AND COLOUR SERIES

Printed throughout on the finest JAPON PAPER. Square 8vo, decorated cloth extra, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

OMAR KHAYYÁM: RUBAIYAT. Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD, with a Life of the Poet. With 12 Photogravures after Drawings by GILBERT JAMES. Fourth Edition.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE. Translated by ANDREW LANG. With 12 Photogravures after Drawings by GILBERT JAMES.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By THOMAS À KEMPIS. Translated by Canon BENHAM. With 12 Photogravures after Celebrated Paintings.

BLAIR'S GRAVE. With Photogravure Reproductions of the 12 Plates by WILLIAM BLAKE.

BOOKS OF RUTH AND ESTHER. With 12 Photogravures after Drawings by GILBERT JAMES.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. With 12 Photogravures after Drawings by WILLIAM STRANG.

MILTON'S COMUS. With 8 Photogravures and 3 Outlines after Drawings by JESSIE M. KING.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POEMS. With 12 Photogravures by GILBERT JAMES.

CUPID AND PSYCHE. ADLINGTON'S Translation. With 12 Photogravures after Drawings by GILBERT JAMES.

THE SONG OF SONGS. With an Introductory Note and 8 Photogravures after Drawings by GILBERT JAMES.

COLOURED VOLUMES

HERRICK'S FLOWER POEMS. With 12 Coloured Plates by FLORENCE CASTLE.

CHRISTMAS BOOK OF CAROLS AND SONGS. Edited by W. S. W. ANSON. With 12 Coloured Plates by ALAN WRIGHT and VERNON STOKES.

Printed at the Edinburgh Press, 9 and 11 Young Street.

00054441

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016